DOY AND HAS SOURY. Prison Extende of . Man Without Hope Priv. Heges That Case ( ontentment The Release After Forty-five Years Shorty to the Resrge Corry's Return to His Home, Old Cosey he was called, though James

Maddock was his true name. Convicts have a fondness for prison names, not so much to conceal their identity, as because they think that one confers a sort of professional standing, and so, when he had been brought up from the county jail, Maddock had insisted that his name was Cosey; and first, as young Cosey and then as old Cosey he had been known ever since. Where the lad got the name it would be hard to say: probably not from any family connection; that would be too respectable and commonplace a source. It might have been the name of the marshal who attended him, or of the night watchman at the fail, or of some hero in the flash literature that circulated there; it might even have shone on him from some sign as he passed along the streets for the last time; at all events. the years had wiped out its jocose or criminal significance, and his sole and absolute title

to it had been won, ah, so long, so long ago. Not a hard time of it did Old Cosey have as prison life goes. Even back in the harsh days of contract labor when the men worked from 6 in the morning until 9 at night in the foundries and at harness making, and when many a poor wretch cast himself from the upper gailery to a merciful death on the flagging below to escape cruel drudgery and crueller punishment-even in those days of blood and iron an exception was made of a life man, and he was allowed to keep tally or act as shipping clerk, jobs which gave him the freedom of the yard and kept him from that hopeless reflection which all except life men themselves feel must be

As reforms had been instituted and gentler methods adopted, easier and easier had Old Cosey's life become. "Let him do as he likes so long as he keeps quiet and doesn't interfere," had been the at inding orders of a long succession of Wardens; and so, after ten or twelve years at sorting the clothes and a dozen more at helping the librarian give out books, Old Cosey had come to do nothing but walk up and down the corridors, or out in the yard by the shops, or sit on the stairs in the main hall, when the sunlight slanted through the high-barred windows. Not a lonely life was this, nor one devoid of interest, it was something to keep track of the boys as they came in or went out, and recollect that Jack this had done time for the same offence back in the '70s, or whisper the caution that Jack had better watch out or he'd be pinched on the expiration of his term for breaking out of Beloit, just after the war. Then, every morning, he had to look into this shop or that and see whether the shipment of pails was up to the average, and which of the newcomers had been put on the machines, that most distasteful of

He had to grope down into the fire hole and have a word or two with those lucky tramps who knew something about stoking and thus had got that soft assignment, and then loiter around the kitchen and pass a critical eye over the beef and potatoes. Even Miss Spenlow, most obdurate of matrons, had a sympathetic side for Old Cosey; and if he cared to stroll in where she was driving the women at quilt making, she would tell him the latest gossip of the keepers' table and bring out a bit of pie for him to slip under his jacket for a quiet bite after he was looked up. And so by afternoon, when the lines had swung out again, and the great hall was vacant save for some consumptive boy taking futile exercise up and down the damp flagging. old Cosey was glad enough to sit on the stairs in the genial warmth of the declining sun.

To him then would this consumptive boy approach with eyes of awe. "How long did ye git," he would ask, in the prison's unvarying salutation. "Life." "Gee, and how long have you done?" "Forty-five "Gord A'mighty, and me croakin' for a five-specker: you must be as tough as they make 'em!" And then Old Cosey a glow of pride in his withered cheeks as he condescendingly gave the lad some counsel derived from his wonderful experience.

A quaint, not unpleasing, picture the old

man made, seated on the narrow iron-bound steps, with the gray wall as a background. The prison barbers were always ready to give him a shave for a chat, and so his face was smooth, not stubble-grown. The Warden's wife had sent him some handkerchiefs, and one of these he wore, neatly tied around his neck. His hair was white and allowed to grow long, and resignation had softened his expression. One might well take him for some kindly old gentleman, masquerading in the stripes through an excess of philanthropy. And so the country visitors, nervously huddling together as they entered from the office, would mark him at once, and the women would ply the deputy with questions regarding him. "Forty-five years here," that officer would reply with professtonal pride, "and as sound as a nut. I tell you, ladies, this is nothing but a playhouse. Mercy, and such a nice, clean old fellow! Why is he here?" "For murder." And then there would be little cries of fright, and one would wonder that he hadn't gone insane, and another would ask whether he was able to sleep and if the ghost of his victim didn't

Old Cosey, of course, was conscious of this scrutiny, which he accepted as his due, but not of the comments. Had he been, he would have laughed their apprehensions to scorn Sleep? Well, he guessed. He was good for twelve hours straight without turning a hair. even if there was a cove-going bughouse next they say? Why, he wouldn't know him even if he did come around! He was drunk when they said he did it, and hadn't remembered nothing when he sobered up; how could he remember now after all these years?

And, truly, there was neither remembrance nor remorse for Old Cosey. When a young man of 20, idle, illiterate, intemperate, but not vicious, he had ventured on the Indian reservation within the limits of his native county, unlawfully bearing a gun for game, unlawfully bearing a bottle for refreshment There he had fallen in with some of the bucks. and a carouse had ensued, during which he shot a half-breed dead. There were extenuating circumstances; he had been so drunk as not to know what he was about; the man whom he killed had been the aggressor. Under the State law a plea to one of the lower degrees of manslaughter would doubtless have been accepted, with the result of a few years' imprisonment. But the United States Court had jurisdiction, and the United States statutes and procedure were far more rigid. There was a new United States District Attorney, too, an unknown man with a record to make, a strong man without knowledge of the weak; and so there had been no mercy shown. "Guilty" had said the jury, and, "for your natural ; corner life," had said the Judge; and young Coses, with a confused sense of injustice, had entered upon that penal servitude which was to make him Old Cosey and give him peace.

Yes, not only peace but contentment. Old Cosey was assured of importance-that perennial spring of satisfaction. He had but few wants and these were well supplied. Wasn't his cell the choicest one of the prison, on the second tier, in Bankers' Row, with a beautiful view out of the window, and the only spring bunk in the place, a patent affair sent up on trial and not approved by the board on account of the price. Wasn't he allowed to burn his lamp for an hour after the gong rang, and to cook messes over it at any and ail times? Didn't the night watchman stop him two plugs a week instead of one, and the through the formalities of changing from

Warden himself often toss him a cigar, just lighted? Who were his neighbors, he'd like know, but gentlemen born and bred, who had blown in millions; a bank President on one side, and a cashler on the other, and nothing too much for either of them to do for Didn't be have the best seat when plous folks gave a concert; and all he had to do with his bottle of quintne pills was to hand to the student, and he'd fill it up again. Well, yes; contented, he should say so; why he was to home!

One day it happened that a committee from the State Prison Association visited the institution, and among their number was that ambitious District Attorney of long ago, now an old and honored Judge. As the party, under the guldance of the Warden. passed through the corridor, there sat Old Cosey on the stairs at the angle of the gallery, with the sunlight gleaming on his long white hair. "Who is that?" was the question of one and another; and the warden, rejoicing in one of the stock sights, told the story of forty-five years spent behind the bars. "But a life prisoner in a penitentiary?" some one asked: "how's that?" "Oh, he's Government, you know," explained the warden, adding the few particulars he had of the forgotten crime.

"You don't mean to say that that is James Maddock?" cried the Judge, a strange pallor

"I'll have to look through the records to tell you his real name," returned the Warden apologetically; "we call him Old Cosey."

The Judge said no more, but was unusually self-absorbed during the inspection which his associates had thought would especially interest him. When it was over, and they had passed through the office, he went behind the desk and made certain inquiries which caused the clerk to hunt through dust-laden books on top shelves. That evening there was a banquet, and the Judge was down for a oast, but that toast remained unanswered, and the seat to the right of the chairman was unoccupied; for the Judge was on the Limited bound for Washington.

It was the holiday season and the snow was piled high in the yard, and the cold cut keenly as the lines stamped to and fro along the paths. Already the talk was of Christmas and the dinner it would bring; and old lags told tales of wonder to the newcomers and compared notes with one another of this prison and that, gravely wagging their heads and turning their cuds as they whispered out of a corner of the mouth in true convict fashion. Christmas in the prison. a miracle of the blessed time; enlightening gloom with hope and giving eager, childlike anticipation in place of dogged routine For once there was no trouble about discipline; when the gong struck at night every lamp went out, without a derisive shout in the morning the men marched to work briskly and in perfect step; the stint of the day was finished before the 5 o'clock whistle blew, and when the evening count was made not one was pulled out, to be stood under the stairs and then hustled over to the dungeons in the north wing.

It was a great time for Old Cosey, for he was known to be surcharged with information. The men watched him through the shop windows, as he now chatted affably with the storekeeper, a busy functionary with hospitable cares intent, and now made palpable suggestions to the rook as he came to the kitchen door for cooling. Close-mouthed was Old Cosey, realizing that it would not do to make the preparations common and thus dull the edge of a full year's appetite. Shorty, the head hallman, as he darted around the tiers for the tins, was besieged with entreaties and bribed with plugs to pump the old fellow of his precious intelligence, but he always returned with the one report of "Noth-

"And you're goin' to git left yourself. Shorty," would be the gibe of the disappointed ones; "I hears as how you goes out the day

"Yis," the exultant Shorty would reply. "I goes out the day afore, but I comes back the day itself, and early; and me job, it's to be hung up for me."

It was the night of Dec. 23 when the Warden brought the news to Old Cosey. Along the second gallery the great man strode, steady and slow, not looking to right or left, wits noted the difference in his demeanor. the suppressed excitement in his face, the long blue envelope that stuck out from his pocket, and the news went ahead of him. A pardon, a pardon, rapped out the message; and stolid faces twitched and dull eyes grew moist with impossible hope.

Old Cosey spelled out the raps as he repeated them, and trembled. Why this was so, he could not tell, but with those hollow sounds something within him had seemed to click and snap like the closing of a door on what he held dear. What, indeed, was a pardon to him? Reckoning a dozen to a year, which the knowing considered a fair average, he had seen a half a thousand of them without a shake; had seen men break down and weep, had seen the sick carried out of the hospital to die ere they realized their freedom, had even seen the rugged drop dead with joy. That was all another thing; they had counted on it passionately; they had consumed their souls with hope deferred; but he-why, he was in for life and had never asked for or expected any change What, then, was a pardon to him?

But yet he trembled, though he knew not why; and as that measured step grew pearer and louder, he sprang from his camp chair, another of his luxuries, and stood against the grating, his thin arms extended, his scrawny hands tightly grasping the bars.

"It has come at last, Old Cosey," said the Warden, and there was a quaver in his voice of command," it has come at last, your pardon; you go out in the morning." "What," cried Old Cosey, all bewildered,

must I go?" Surely, man; aren't you glad?" "But my things; what will be done with my things, and-and this cell?"

"Oh, we'll put some good man in there," laughed the Warden: "some good man gone

wrong. There's always a-plenty of them, Come, now, with me to the storeroom and see about your clothes." As in a dream, Old Cosey followed along

the gallery, past eager faces at the gratings, past lamps that flickered dimly on rude beongings, past men lying in their bunks, who stretched lazily to see who went by, past men who scowled and shook their fists in jealous rage over his luck. Implicit, supine, trained obedience now answered him in place of thought. He did blindly what he was told to do, until the simple arrangements were made and he followed back again to be locked up for the last time. Meanwhile the gong had sounded, the lights were out, over most the gratings a meagre calico curtain had been drawn. Never before in forty-five years had he been out of his cell so late. He didn't like it; it was so lonesome and queer; yes, leery was the word, with the end gas jets half turned down, sending such strange shadows along the flagging, and the little group of keepers whispering together over their pipes in the

and let him in; he shivered as the bolt came back and the key was turned, with a fear that not even in his first days had the prison inspired. As the night watchman made his rounds, trying each grating with a swing of his vigorous arm, he wondered at the old man sitting in his chair with his face in his hands, and so wondering, refrained from the good-natured congratulations he had been planning to offer. As the day watchman came on at 6 in the morning and repeated the count, he wendered, in like silence, to see the old man sitting there still.

Controlled and sed by the same supine obedience, Old Cosey followed the keeper who unlocked him while the men were at and slip a paper to him, and the deputy give I their breakfast; and, as in a dream, went prison garb into citizen dress and answering the questions required by law. They gave him guite a sum of money, the product of his labors far back in the contract times when men were paid for extra work, and the allowance which the General Government makes to discharged convicts; and then, after many a hearty word of cheer the office door closed behind him. For moment, the old man stood on the step, he tried the knob, he made as if he would ring the bell: then, turning up the collar of his new suit with convict habit, foursied on many a crossing of the yard of a frosty morning, he slouched with convict gait, down the

It was early Christmas morning when a stubby young fellow with a battered policeman's helmet cocked jauntily on his head and his hands thrust into the pockets of a longshoreman's jumper, much too large for him, came out of an alley of the town, whistling merrily. He turned the corner, and both walk and whistle stopped abruptly as he gazed in amazement on a man lying half concealed between a warehouse and a stack

"Got his rollers on or gone off his nut from ty. I reckon," he sollloquized. can't lave him here; the gang ud go troo him like suds troo a sink. Here, there, Old Cosey, brace up and have some style about you!" "Shorty," cried Old Cosey, raising his head, "Oh, Shorty!" and he kissed the hall man's

grimy hand. "Damned if I iver t'ought to have the like of that done to me!" muttered Shorty, much

embarrassed "I was frightened and crep' in here to die." said Old Cosey. "Gee, but I thought I was dead at fust, things was so strange and folks stranger. Jest as if I'd hev come into anudder world, in a twinklin' of the glim, as I onct heard the chaplain say. Why, I dassn't take no step for feir of what they was to spring on me next. It was all too rich for my blood, Shorty; sky-high buildings and kerridges without horses and hissin' 'lectric lights; I cudn't get used to none of them, and I guess they oudn't git used to And so I crep' in here to die, all sick and dizzy like, thinkin' that if I did strike anudder world it cudn't be wuss and it might

"Why didn't you go to sailors' lodgings and be respictable? Where's your good dough, annyway?" asked Shorty, severely "I desen't, Shorty: I didn't know the ropes. Here it is, Shorty, and your welcome to it. if you'll only let me stay with you a while."

replied old Cosey, tremulously. "Don't use it in my line!" said Shorty. I've got a prev'ous engagement with the Squire to git myself vagged for t'irty days, and if I don't watch out I'll be too late to send around the Christmas tins." "Oh, can't I go with you; wont he do it to

me, too?" "Cert'nly; if that's your lay, come on" and with the light hearts of children awakng to the delights of weil-filled stockings on the mantel the two made haste to the nearest Justice of the Peace.

At the close of a happy day, Old Cosey stood leaning against the grating and look-ing out upon the yard. Miss Spenlow was walking up and down with a real baby! There could be no doubt about it: Shorty had brought the news with the tins! It had come up in the Black Maria with its mother from the jail, and for lack of knowing what else to do, they were going to keep it! As Old Cosey watched the little one's smiles and caresses, all the acete loneliness of his recent experience, which since his return had en but the flashes of an evil dream, enompassed him. His throat swelled and his pulse throbbed with an intense longing, to be expressed, save as some wounded and deserted animal might express it through the eyes. To him, then, so absorbed with of nature's recompenses, came the Warden, briskly along the gallery in genial

"Did they treat you right, Old Cosey?" he asked. "Fine; more than my fill, sir."

And so you couldn't stay away: you were omesick for the old soup house, hey?"

"It is my home, sir." "Well, well; I guess there'll be no trouble bout your coming back whenever you like nor pausing to make a kind inquiry here, and while you're here things will go along a stern censure there, as was his wont. Keen in the old way. New is there anything else

you want?" "The baby, sir," said Old Cosey, "that little baby: might I hold it in my arms and walk with it in the yard?"

"We'll appoint you its nurse extraordinary and attendant penitentiary," replied the ocose Warden; and Old Cosey, comprehendng the spirit if not the terms of his commison, slept his twelve hours straight that night without turning a hair.

### RAILROAD WRECK IN MEXICO. several Americans Reported to Be Among the Twenty Injured.

MONTEREY, Mexico, Dec. 23.—Particulars of a disastrous wreck of a northbound passenger train on the Mexican National Railroad have just reached here. The accident occurred near Salraterra. In the State of San Inis Potosi.

The track spread and the engine jumped the track and turned over. The Pullman, which was filled with passengers, among them being a number of Americans, followed the express and bagnage cars, and on top of these were piled the first and second-class day coaches.

Over twenty persons are reported to have been injured. Engineer E. I. Dupree and Pullman Conductor C. B. Wilson were painfully scalded.

The nemes of the passengers who were inured are not known here. Those who were the most seriously injured were taken to San Luis Potosi, where they had medical at-

### THREE MORE SMALLPOX CASES. Five New Patients Taken to North Brother

Island Yesterday. Three more cases of smallpox were disovered yesterday by Health Inspectors. The patients were John Schwarz, 3 years The patients were John Schwarz, 3 years old, of 365 Brook avenue; Isabelle Fredus, 19 years old, of 200 East Ninety-eighth street; and Edward G. Fox, 23 years old, of 121 Fifth street, Long Island City. All were sont to North Brother Island Jennie Clatton, 28 years old, of 169 East Ninety-fourth street, and R. A. Clark, 20 years old, of 329 East Eighteenth street, whose cases were reported on Saturday, were also sent to North Brother Island.

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TERROR-STRICKEY LITHEANIAN SHOOTS A WAY AND A BOY. Had Been Beaten by Fellow Employees and

RUNS AMUCK WITH A GUN.

Mistook Noisy Crowd of Y ang Men for His

Persecutors Ran From House and Fired at Passershy Boy Will Probibly Die. John Kelly, 27 years old, of 179 Bedford venue, Williamsburg, and nine-year-old wounded. The shooting was done from the

Fifth street.

Galletus is a Lithuanian 28 years old, and with his wife and two children occupies a third floor in a private dwelling. He has always been looked upon as a sober and inoffensive man. A week ago he had trouble that Galletus had to see a doctor. Every night since then on Galletus's return from work he has told his wife that he was in fear of his life. She advised him to complain to his employers, but he was unwilling to do so. Last night, while Galletus was in the kitchen with his wife about 7 o'clock, he heard a noise in the street made by a crowd of young men. Galletus, thinking they were the men who had assaulted him in the shop, jumped from his chair and after shouting. "They're after me, they're after me," ran into a front room and got a revolver. Before his wire could restrain him he ran downstairs shouting. "I'll shoot them all."

As he opened the front door Kelly was crossing from the other side of the street. Galletus fired and the builtet struck Kelly in the chest. Just then Roth passed and Galletus shot at him, the builtet entering his face under the right eye. The boy fell and the Lithuanian pointed the weapon at a man on the opposite side of the street. The man ducked and the built struck a fence. Then Galletus went back into his house and shut the door.

Policemen Owens and Burns found Galletus in his kitchen. They asked where his that Galletus had to see a doctor. Every

the door.

Policemen Owens and Burns found Galletus in his kitchen. They asked where his revolver was and Galletus took it down from the kitchen mantel and handed it over. He was then taken to the sidewalk, where a crowd of people identified him as the person who had done the shooting.

Roth and Kelly had meanwhile been carried to a drug store at North Sixth and Berry streets, whence a call was sent to the Eastern District Hospital for an ambulance Dr Shields discovered that Kelly's wound was slight. The heavy clothing he wore and Shields discovered that Kelly's wound was slight. The heavy clothing he wore and a number of cards and letters he had in a pocket had retarded the builet. After his wound was fixed up he went home. Roth's wound was pronounced mortal and he was removed to the hospital, where doctors made unsuccessful attempts to find the builet. At a late hour last night the boy was still unconscious.

Galletus was taken to the Bedford avenue police station. He was unable to answer questions coherently.

### AS TO RAILWAY HOLD-UPS. Not Easy to Lay Out a Line of Defence and Stickto It When the Trouble Comes. From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"The suggestion that every train crew should be put through a 'robber drill,' as a precaution against hold-ups, is sound and yesterday. "The Illinois Central Limited, which was robbed Thursday night, carried eleven men all told, including the two mail clerks, and if they had had any definite plan of action they could easily have stood off a handful of highwaymen or probably have captured the entire outfit. But they were thrown into wild confusion and, instead of offering any resistance they were trotting around eagerly at a lone robber's orders unfastening couplings, boosting him into baggage cars and helping him plow open doors with dynamite. The only wonder is that the rascal didn't send them inside to search the passengers while he was sorting out the registered mail.

"However I am not posing as a critic continued the railroad man, smiling grimly. "If I had been there I would probably have done anything the bandit suggested, from setting a brake to standing on my head, but what I was about to remark was that all this humiliating scene might have been avoided if the crew had only known what to do it ought to be easy enough to map outan effective programme. Of course, one

might say that nobody could anticipate exactly how an attack would be made, and consequently any preconcerted plan of action would be futile, but while that is true as to detail there are certain generalities that

would be futile, but while that is true as to detail there are certain generalities that could be readily covered.

"To begin with the robbers always appear at the engine, and there ought to be an electric push button in the cab which would ring an emergency going in the coaches. At the sound of the alarm all lights should be instantly extinguished, and I believe that that manosurve of itself would prevent any bandit, no matter how bold, from trying to effect an entrance. The risk would be too great, and by carrying a lantern he would simply make a target of himself. A modern sleeping car, by the way, is a splendid place for an ambuscade. To get into it one must traverse a narrow corridor at the left of the salon, and a whole gang of desperadoes would be shot down, one at a time, as they emerged. It goes without saying that the hold-up programme should include the carrying of a few arms. Every sleeper, at least, ought to have a couple of sawed-off shotguns stored away in the porter's closet. There is nothing like a sawed-off shotguns stored away in the porter's closet. There is nothing like a sawed-off shotgun for oonducting an argument with train robbers. It makes a great hit with them every time it speaks. The expense of such an equipment would be trifling, a paitry bagatelle compared to the loss involved in one successful hold-up." cessful hold-up.

"I was on one of the Pullmans in the train that was robbed the other night," said a gentleman who had listened to the little homily of the railroad man, "and I have my doubts whether a whole crate full of sawed o" shot-

man who had listened to the little homily of the railroad man, "and I have my doubts whether a whole crate full of sawed of shot-guns would have materially improve the situation. To make myself clear, I'll tell you one of the numerous unwritten incidents of the affair. After the terrible dynamite explosion had assured us of what was going on outside, the passengers drifted together at the rear end of the car and held a distracted council of war. I had nothing to suggest myself, because I was scared stiff and hadn't an idea to my name, except to 'lay low,' but a big, fine-looking man rose up majestically and bewailed our impotence. 'Oh! this is terrible!' he exclaimed. 'Here we are, caught like rats in a trap, and nothing better than a pocket knife for a fight! If I only had a gun, he said, 'I'd go forward and slaughter the first scoundred that entered the door!' I had a pistol in my hip pocket, and I promptly hauled it out and tendered it to him. He turned green around the laws when he saw the weapon and hastily waved me away. 'No, no!' he said, 'I can't rob you of your only means of defence! It would be inhuman! It would be criminal! If you were killed I'd feel like your murderer!' You might as well take it,' said I, 'Tor I'm so badly scared myself that I couldn't pull the trigger. It is of no use to me in the world.' I wont do it,' he protested, backing off. 'I decline to leave you helpless! I refuse positively to accept such a terrible responsibility.' "By that time, however, several of the other passengers joined me in forcing the revolver on him, and at last he took it gingerly in his hand. 'But if I am killed at the door,' he said, 'this will leave you all without a weapon of any kind. 'No, it wont,' said a passenger who hadn't yet spoken. 'I have a small gun here in the interval of suspense that followed, but after the rescue party arrived I went forward and discovered him wedged partly under a seat in the middle of the next car. 'Come out,' said I. 'It's all right now.' 'Not on your life! he replied, pr

passageway. I don't believe a train arsenal would be of any particular use," said the speaker, in conclusion, "unless you had a large supply of nerve food to go with it. You will permit me to remark from experience that a train robbery is a mysteriously demoranzing episode. It makes the scrapping spirit run out of a man quicker than water runs through a ladder."

## An Oklahoma Murder

Wichita, Kan., Dec. 23.-Word has just een received here of the murder of Ciyde Parker at Makita, Oklahoma Territory, by Parker at Makita, Oklahoma Territory, by Mrs. Luta Hendricks. Parker, who was 23 years old, was shot and killed by the woman late on Sunday night. The alleged motive for the crime was a threat said to have been made by Parker to oust Mrs. Hendrick from valuable property in that county. A coroner's jury returned a verbict of justifiable homicide.

## Smallpox in Indiana.

RICHMOND, Ind., Dec. 23.-Dr. T. Henry Davis of this city. President of the Indiana Health Board, has received information from various parts of the State, which shows that there are 250 cases of smallpox, sixty of which are in Allen county, in the State. One hun-dred cases developed during the present manth.

FIRST SUNDAY OPERATIC CONCERT. A Vast Andlence Enjoys It at the Metropolitan

o pera House. The happy season has now arrived when the earnest musical reporter and the great emotional musical public meet in friendly audition at the Metropolitan Opera House on Sunday night. Last night was the first operatic concert of the season, and the audience flowed out into the lobbies, piled upon itself in the rear and at the sides of the Nathan Roth of 166 Berry street, were shot house and completely thronged the galby John Galletus, a boilermaker's helper lery, boxes and balcony. And it was an last night, and the latter probably mortally audience of the usual Sunday evening type happy, loquacions and encore-greedy. front stoop of Galletus's house at 113 North Everything in part one of the programme was redemanded, except the overture to "Dinorah:" even the finale to the "William

Tell" overture had to be repeated. Nordica, Susan Strong - looking mapiclously healthy after her indisposition-Carrie Bridewell, Schumann-Heink, Cremonini with fellow employees. One blacked his Campanari, Gilibert and Plancon were the eye and another twisted his finger so badly singers who appeared in conjunction with Maestro Mancinelli and his orchestra. Rossini's "Stabat Mater" comprised the second part of the evening's scheme; Nordica, Schumann-Heirk, Cremonini, Plancon and chorus participating The popular and theatrically religious work was effectively sung. Cremonini scoring in the "Cujus Animam." Nordica with "Inflammatus," and Plancor in the fine old bass solo, "Pro Peccatis." Schumann-lieink delivered the telling measures of Fac ut Portem" with dramatic solemnity. The earlier portion of the evening was

devoted, as usual, to a miscellaneous programme. Miss Bridewell sang "Ah! Mon Fils" with genuine power, though her phrasing was a trifle choppy at times. She had to sing again. So had M. Gilibert, the new barytone, from whose huge face came a sweet Gallic version of the "Evening Star romance in "Tannhauser." This he supplemented with a pretty "Noel." Cremonini. looking about 23, gave with his old fervor "Spirito Gentil," and afterward "La Donna Mobile." This latter was repeated. The handsome young Italian tenor still has tears in his voice, gallons of them, and proved himself a prime favorite. Miss Susan Strong, bravely arrayed, gave Gounod's "Plus Grand dans son Obscurité." the only air that has survived from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba." She, too, sang again. And then Signor C. Gampanari appeared and the audience let loose its surplus caloric. After he had sung an air "Inno Sacro"-in which all Italy sacred and profane, from Palestrina to Mascagni was concentrated-Campanari returned with the composer, a bald and bearded gentleman, Buzzia-Peccia by name; but the audience clamored for more and it received what it wanted, the Toreador song. Here is a song that never succeeds in opera, yet in concert is strong meat and drink for public and singer alike. Campanari made the bullseye of his life and escaped with difficulty during the tumult. The Meyerbeer overture beloved of Von Bülow was not well played, the wind choirs being windless in attack, and sensible," said an experienced railroad man | shaky as to intonation. But after all the audience itself is not the minor point of interest at these Sunday night concerts.

### STAGE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS. The Annual Festival Was Held Last Evening in Tamman y Hall.

The Little Children of the Stage had their regular Christmas festival last night at Tammany Hall. "Little Children of the Stage" is the name applied to children of theatrica, folk for the purposes of the festival, which has been held every year since 1877. This annual festival for children who, because of the professional engagements of their parents, are often without a home at Christmas time, was started in that year with the subscriptions of actors and actresses, and under the fostering care of "Aunt Louisa" and event to which hundreds of little stage folk took forward to with pleasurable anticipation. More than \$4,000 was raised for last night's festival, which was on a larger scale than that of any previous year. Among those who contributed to the fund were J. Pierpont Morgan, William C. Whitney, Commodore Gery, Robert B Roosevelt, Mrs. Cornelius and many others not in the profession. Four hundred children enjoyed the good things this meney provided. The festival began with a sacred concert in which telidren were the sole performers, and they took off their elders in song and cake walk to the applause of the theatrical people who made up the audience. Few of the children were more than a years old, but they managed to present a creditable vaudeville show. Each child after his or her turn received a present in jeweiry from Tony Pastor, and a present in jeweiry from Tony Pastor, and the close Mrs. Eldredge made a speech. Then came a banquet for the children and after that the Christmas tree and the distribution of presents. Every child was remembered and poor ones received additional gifts in the shape of clothing. Mrs. E. L. Fernandez was President.

MARGARET MACINTYRE SAILS.

The English Prima Donna Will Make Her Debat Here in "Mefistorlet."

Word was received here yesterday that Margaret Macintyre, the English prima donna had sailed for this country on Saturdonna had sailed for this country mas time, was started in that year with the subscriptions of actors and actresses, and

Margaret Macintyre, the English prims donna had sailed for this country on Saturday on the New York. She will make her debut here as Margherita in Bolto's "Mefistofele," which has not been heard here since Mine. Calvé appeared in the opera four seasons ago. M. Salignac will sing in the work for the first time and M. Plançon will, as usual, sing the title role.

Miss Macintyre made a brief visit to the United States three years ago and sang at the Cincinnati Music Festival. She returned immediately afterward to England and has since appeared chiefly on the Continent and at Covent Garden, where she sang last spring. Miss Macintyre is the most noted English prima donna of the day, for Mme. Melba is an Australian and Mme. Albani was born in Canada. Miss Macintyre was the prototype of "Evelyn Innes." the heroine of George Moore's well-known novel. The character was not intended as a portrait of the English prima donna, but as soon as the novel was published the resemblance to Miss Macintyre was immediately noticed and the singer was recognized as the heroine of this romance of operatic life. Mme. Calve appeared in the opera four sea-

### HOPE BOOTH COMPANY PAILS. A Divvy of the Cash on Hand Netted Each Mem-

ber \$11-A Quarrel Followed. MILWAUKEE, Wis., Dec. 23.-Hope Booth has disbanded her company, which has been playing "War on Women." The members playing "War on Women." The members of the company asked for their four weeks' salary on Saturday, but Miss Booth said she had no money. The company attached the cash on hand and got \$11 each. Miss Violet Cregan went to Miss Booth's dressing room and demanded her money. She was told that she could not get any, whereupon Miss Cregan attacked Miss Booth, it is said, blackening her eyes.

Performance of "Hamlet" Postponed. Performance of "Hamlet" Postponed.
In consequence of the need of extra rehearsals for the heavy scenery of "Hamlet" at the Garden Theatre, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and M. Coguelin decided late last night to postpon the first performance at the Garden Theatre until Tuesday evening. Tickets purchased for this evening will be exchange for any other performance, or the money will be refunded at the box office.

## Theatrical Notes.

kirke LaShelle telegraphed from Louisville last night, confirming Saturday's rumor that he intended to build a theatre on Long Acre Square. He said that he had bought, through N. Brigham Hall & Son, real estate brokers, for \$200,000, a plot 76 3x100.4 feet on Forty-seventh street, so feet east of Long Acre Square. It is on this land that the theatre will be built. Mr. LaShelle's purchase included a plot 20xxo feet on the square about hair way between Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh streets. This will be for the entrance and an office building. Mr. LaShelle telegraphed further that the play house will cost about \$150,000 to build and will be ready to open next October. He will manage it presenting his stars, Frank Daniels and Marguerita Sylva, there, and also new productions, such as Arizona.

Joseph Weber of Weber & Fields said last night that no engagement had been made for a successor to Fritz Williams, and that probably none would be for a week or two. De Wolf Hopper will act that part and his own, for the present Acre Square. He said that he had bought

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

The card sharp who reached New York on Saturday after an opprofitable voyage on the Campenia because of the steward's warning to the passengers can sympathize with two New Yorkers who have skill in hand ling cards and who had a similar experience two months ago. With these two sharpers two months ago. With these two sharpers was a man whose name is widely known in sporting circles. The three men attracts d notice in the smoking room and soon after the steamar sailed by their eagerness to get one of two more men to jean them in poker in each case it was a disastrous experience for the outsiders. It was hunted also that they had taken unfair means to win one of the pools, and from that time until the steamship reached New York no one on board associated with them. The regular card sharpers are so well known on Transatlantic intersthat it is useless for them to attempt games of chance on the voyage. Big twoodward was the last of the clan to make a big winning of chance on the voyage! Big I Woodward was the last of the clan to make a big winning several years ago, and he celebrated the end of the trip by restoring to one of the losers all that he had won from him, throwing in for good measure the advice not to gamble with strangers

The riding teachers of a certain academy in this city whose owner has nisisted that they must wear uniform clothes object most strongly to the hat which he has selected for them. It is high and square topped. It is really the regulation English hunting hat and it is worn by many gentleman riders in this country. The teachers say that on them it would become a badge of servitude. They are willing to wear the other clothes demanded by the proprietor but they cannot accept the hat. Many of the riding school masters in this city are those of experience in the German army and some of them have German titles. They are acreeable as a class and very scrupulous about the rights of their corps. One of the results hoped for in a uniform for the riding teachers is the prevention of idle gossip about woman pupils who ride in the park with the teachers. It is alleged that when their friends see them riding with strange men they are apt to gossip about it. If the strange man wears the uniform of a riding academy there would be no occasion for gossip. Every riding academy in New York has its traditions of teachers who have mariried wealthy pupils and lived ever afterward in luxury. For this and other reasons the uniform hat does not suit the tatses of the teachers in this particular academy. hat and it is worn by many gentleman riders particular academy.

The scheme of one of the men who go around offering extraordinary bargains in silk socks, brocades and French silks which are being sacrified by the underwriters for a damaged steamship was explained yesterday by a woman who was victimized by it. "The bargains offered by this agent." she carries samples of them. Where he has talked you into a state of mind when you see yourself the possessor of valuable goods for very little money you are ready to buy anything as a bargain. Then he says he has with him some magnificent dress patterns which he can sell for \$15 or \$20 each and deliver at once. Blinded by the bargains which have been offered in the samples the listener eagerly purchases the dress patterns at about three times their value. It is an ingenious scheme and it has been worked very successfully in Philadelphia as well as in New York. The samples which the fellow carries are enough to tempt any one. Ha has a sample of silk socks which he offers to sell for \$2 or \$3 a dozen and which are worth that a pair. I have never known of his delivering any goods ordered from the samples. They are used simply to hypnotize a purchaser into a frame of mind where she will buy the dress goods later as a great bargain." said, "are really wonderful, but the agent only

The unusual number of débutantes who have been presented to society during the have been presented to society during the past month meets the warm approval of the florists. A big coming out reception is more profitable to them than half a dozen weddings. One of the most attractive debutantes of the season whose reception was attended by nearly a thousand perons received 125 boxes of flowers. They came so rapidly that the proprietor of the hotel where the reception was held had them stored downstairs because there was no space for them in the room where the reception was held. These spoils of the occasion filled a good-sized express wagon when they were sent to the young lady's home.

## TRUSTEES FOR ED OUT.

### Ostcome of Long-Drawn-Out Dissension in the Washington Heights Baptist Curch. Four of the most prominent members of

the Washington Heights Baptist Church, men who have been among its trustees for years, severed their connection with the church last Tuesday. They are Alfred Clinch of 181 West 121st street. Dr James A. Bennett, superintendent of the Consolidated Gas Com pany, who lives at 129th street and Fifth venue: Andrew J. Robinson of 123 West Seventy-sixth street, and Fremont M. Jackson of 184 West Sixteenth street. Mr. Clinch had been a member of the church for twentyseven years and a trustee for sixteen years; Dr. Bennett a member for thirty-six years and a trustee for thirty years; Mr. Robinson a member for thirty-seven years and a trustee for thirty-three years; Mr. Jackson a member for twenty-five years and a trustee for fifteen years. Last evening one of these men gave a SUN reporter the following explanation of the causes that led to their with-

"The trouble began when the present pastor, the Rev. Boardman B. Bostworth, came to the church five years ago. The church wa then at Twenty-third street and Lexington avenue, but in 1897 it was moved to the present site. Mr. Clinch, Mr. Jackson and Dr. Benne were members of the Building Committee and Andrew J. Robinson the builder. The church was completed in 1808 and cost \$150,000. Dr. Bennett and Mr. Robinson contributed very largely and with the other two men who have withdrawn were the best supporters of

very largely and with the other two men who have withdrawn were the best supporters of the church

"After the completion of the new building the trouble between the pastor and the four trustees began. The pastor has no magnetism and instead of the church having an attendance of 2,000 on Sunday it has only 200. A year ago the dissinsion between the pastor and the four trustees came to a crisis. The pastor was informed that the church could get along better without his services. He promised the four trustees that he would get out in the spring. He didn't do so. Then there was an open fight.

"In the fall the pastor and his friends formed a committee for the purposes of making things so unpleasant for the four trustees that the would leave the church. At a meeting of the committee on Dec. 11 a set of resolution was passed pointed directly at the four trustees. The resolutions said that the trustees, mentioning their names, were not in harmony with the pastor or the congragation, and that if they would withdraw from the church before Dec. 18 they would admit them to such other church as they cared to join. If they did not comply with this resolution they would not receive the letters of fellowship which would admit them to such other church as they cared to join. If they did not comply with this resolution they would not receive the letters of fellowship and wokid be dropped from the rolls of the church anyway. This resulted in the withdrawal of all four trustees:

"Last Wednesday they became members of the Mount Morris Baptist Church at Fifth avenue and 126th street, of which the lev. W. C. Bitting is pastor.

Dr. Bennet was appointed a member of the committee of the New York cit. Baptist Missionary Society to take the place of C. H. Bogert, resigned, and soon afterward was made treasurer of the Executive Committee of the society.



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# QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Was any President ever nominated for a third term: Who and when? Also did James G. Blaine ever run? What relation did he bear to three Rs or rather was it a speech with three Rs that defeated him! Did he mean "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" by them or has he been quoted as meaning the above?

A SUBSCRIBER.

Grant wanted a third term, but did not get the now ination: Cleveland was nominated three times and elected the first and third times. No President has served three terms, however. Blaine ran in 1884 against Cleveland. His friends say that the ex pression "rum, Homanism and rebellion" defeated him. It was used in an address made to him; he did not appreciate the expression at the time, and its to have been the cause of many persons voting agains

L. G. Bliss-The name Quay is pronounced as if spelled Kway.

1. What is the meaning of the word tenement house as defined by law in this State? 2. What is the meaning of the word plurality as defined by law in this State? 3. In the absence of an agreement to the contrary, can an employee expect pay if he does not work on a legal holiday; and in the absence of such an agreement, what amount of money could an employee—getting \$12 per week—expect to receive at the end of the week who works on election day at the request of his employer? 4. In times of peace, can the President send troops through the States without the consent of the Governors thereof?

E. M. VON B.

1. A building occupied by three families or more living independently and doing their cooking on the premises, or by more than two families upon any oor so living and cooking, having a common right to the halls. 2. We don't know that there is a legal iefinition; the actual definition you will find in the dictionary, 3, No. \$12, we suppose, 4, Certainly -regular troops. J. F. G .- There was no Treasury deficit on March

, 1885; the cash balance March 1, 1885, was \$152,225, J. Franckling -Theodore Roosevelt ran for Mage

of this city in 1886 and was defeated. J. B. -There is no national holid . Who United States.

A. C. N. -If you can't get arsente al soap from a drug store, we don't know where you can get it unless from a dealer in taxid ermists' supplies. F. A. B. -- Under the provisions of the election law

of Kentucky Goebel was elected Governor last year. Bets on his carrying the State should be paid.

1. Who would be inaugurated President on next March 4 if President McKinley were to die before that date and after his election by the Electoral College? 2. Have the electors power to vote for whom they please or must they vote for the candidates of the parties?

Los Angeles. 1. Mr. Roosevelt, after he had been sworn in as Vice President, would be inaugurated as President.

2. They have legally, but not morally.

Walter S. Phelps-Prof. Trowbridge's "What Is Electricity" is a good elementary book for an intelligent student.

What nations are referred to in the line from Long-fellow's Miles Standish, "God had sifted three king-goms to find the wheat for this planting." land and Ireland. The Pilgrims were all English.

Tailor Crushed to Death Between Two Cars . Louis Goldberg, a tailor, 40 years old, of 342 Osborn street, Brooklyn, was crushed between two cars at the Sands street entrance between two cars at the Bands street entrance to the Bridge yesterday morning. He died in a few minutes. Goldberg jumped on the front platform of a car that was standing on Washington street while the motorman was changing the fender. While he was trying to open the gate the car started down hill and collided with a DeKalb avenue car. Walter Lombard, motorman, was locked up on a charge of homicide.

Fell Overboard, Was Rescued, Died. Peter Werle, 55 years old, of 203 East Nineteenth street, this city, captain of the barge Kaiser, fell overboard last night while making his boat fast at Dock No I. Erie Railroad, at the foot of Fliteenth street, Jersey City, ife was rescued by Lester Gray, another barge captain, but died soon after his ad-mission to St. Francis Hospital.

## DIED.

BOND .- At his home, 35 Mount Morris Park West, on Sunday, Dec. 23, 1900, after a short illness of heart disease, Thomas Bond, in the 89th year of his age.

Notice of funeral hereafter. HANNAH .- On Sunday, Dec. 23, 1900, at 82 West 68th st., Henry, youngest son of the late George Hannah, in the 61st year of his age. Notice of funeral hereafter.

HARRIS .- At her residence, Sewaren, N. J., on Sunday, Dec. 23, 1900, Mary Conant, daughter of the late Dr. S. Conant and Mary Benezet Foster and wife of Herbert W. Harris, in the 39th year of her age. Funeral services on Wednesday, Dec. 26, 1900, on

the arrival of the 1:30 P. M. train from New York. Central R. R. of New Jersey. KOPF .- On Saturday, Dec. 22, 1900, Emma Adeline, wife of Frederick Kopf.

Funeral services at her late residence, 87 West 924 st., on Tuesday, Dec. 25, 1900, at 4:30 P. M. SPOFFORD.-At his residence, Elmwood, Hunte Point, on Sunday, Dec. 23, 1900, Joseph L., son of the late Paul and Susan Spring Spofford.

Notice of funeral hereafter. WALLACE, -On Friday, Dec. 21, 1900, after a short Illness, Margaret F. J., daughter of the late Francis B. and Margaret C. Wallace,

Funeral from the residence, 21 East 38th st., on Monday, Dec. 24, 1900, at 10:30 A. M. WESENDONCK .- At his residence, 10 West 88th of. on Wednesday, Dec. 19, 1900, at 10 P. M., Hugo Wesendonck, in the 84th year of his age. Notice of funeral hereafter.

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DAY AND EVENING SESSIONS